Don't Go

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Don't Go

by sourweather

Summary

Adam wakes up to find Nigel crying alone. He tries to help.

Notes

idk it was 3am and I was thinking about Nigel's Abandonment Issues you know how It is

Adam wakes from a dream, feeling lost and confused. His eyes settle on the bedside clock, its soft blue glow informing him that it's about half-past three in the morning. He groans softly, rolling in bed to curl close to his boyfriend—

And finds that the bed is empty.

He sits up, blinking blearily around the room. The en-suite bathroom is dark, too. Did he get up to have a midnight snack?

He leaves the bed, his feet freezing against the wooden floor, and pads out into the hall.

He freezes in the threshold of the living room.

Nigel is sitting on the couch, his head in his hands. He's hunched forward, his shoulders are shaking. He's crying.

Adam has never seen Nigel cry before. Nigel has only seen Adam cry twice— once during a meltdown he had after work, and again when he accidentally ran over a possum with his car. But Nigel crying is a new occurrence.

He stands in the doorway, motionless as he considers what he should do. Obviously Nigel didn't want Adam to know he was up crying. He left bed for a reason, didn't wake Adam for a reason, has his face hidden by his hands for a reason. Maybe it would be better to give Nigel some privacy, go back to bed and leave him where Adam found him.

The sound of Nigel's muffled sob makes the decision for him.

"Nigel?"

The other man sniffs sharply, his shoulders going stiff. "Go back to bed, angel," he says, and there's a tremor in his voice that has Adam's chest tightening painfully.

Adam takes a step into the room. Then two. "Why are you crying?"

"I said go the fuck to sleep."

Adam stops in front of Nigel, standing before their sofa. He reaches for the lamp on the end table, and pulls the chain.

Nigel turns his face away when it comes into the light. Adam can still see that it's tracked with trails of wet, his eyes red and puffy.

"Nigel," he whispers, his fingers brushing the other man's damp cheek. Nigel leans into the touch, and Adam sighs.

"Come here," Adam says, but he's the one gently sinking into Nigel's lap. He wraps his arms around Nigel's strong torso, hands resting near his shoulder blades. Adam tucks his chin over his shoulder, nuzzling his cheek on Nigel's jaw.

Nigel doesn't move, still tense and frozen. Adam starts to rub small circles into his back.

"It's okay," he says softly. "It's okay, Nigel. I'm here."

Something about that must've touched a nerve, Adam thinks, because the next sound is Nigel letting out another weak sob. He hugs Adam back, arms weaving so tightly around him that Adam struggles to breathe. Like he's scared of Adam disappearing if he lets go. Nigel presses his face to the crook of Adam's neck, tears wetting his skin as he cries.

They sit like that for a long time, with Nigel crying into Adam's skin and Adam just holding him close, saying nothing. He runs his fingers through Nigel's hair, trying his best to soothe him with gentle touches. Eventually Nigel's shaky gasps even out, and the sobs fade to sniffles. Adam doesn't pull away.

"Do you feel better, now?" He asks.

Nigel just nuzzles closer. "Please don't leave me, baby," he says, so softly that Adam almost doesn't understand it.

Adam frowns. "I won't."

"Promise me," Nigel begs, his hands curling into fists on the fabric of Adam's T-shirt. "Promise me that you won't leave."

He twists his head just enough to press an awkward kiss to Nigel's jaw. "Where else would I go? I love you, Nigel. I wouldn't want to leave."

Nigel's body seems to sag with relief. "I love you too, gorgeous. I love you so fuckin' much."

Adam gently pulls back, smiling down at him. "Come back to bed. You'll feel better."

Nigel lets Adam lead him back to their bed, bringing him under the warm covers. When Nigel lies on his side, Adam curls close to his back. He wraps an arm around Nigel's waist, tangling their legs and pressing his forehead between broad shoulder blades. Nigel covers Adam's hand with his own, threading their fingers together.

Adam holds him tight, even after Nigel has fallen back into a deep sleep.

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